THE NEW PHONOGRAPH.

A View of Its Operations When in Full Blast in a Newspaper Office. Edison claims that his new phonograph, a few of which are now on the market, is going to work a revolution in newspaper offices. The editor or reporter will talk what he has to say right into the phonograph. The metal strip which receives the remarks, which Mr. Edison calls the phonogram, but which probably should more properly be called the gilder-fluke, is then removed and sent to the composing-room, where it will be inserted in the compositor's phonograph. He will touch a lever with his foot, and the machine will casually mention ten words, and then relapse into deep thought, till he sets them and repeats the performance. If he doesn't catch the remarks he kicks another lever and the machine repeats.

All this has a very interesting appearance at a distance, but it does not seem as if the composing-room will be altogether free from trouble, even when there is an able phonograph wearing a swallow-tail coat and openfront vest, sitting up on every case, dictating scholarly editorial and graphic descriptive matter. It will make the composing-room partake something of the nature of an anarchists' meeting to have half a dozen phonographs in an elocutionary voice talking off editorials, while twice as many are rolling out telegraphic matter, and another gang are making earnest remarks about the markets, and still another lot are roaring out the advertisements. When one of the editorial machines begins to get deeply in earnest and puts one hand under its coat-tails, swells out its breast, throws back its head and begins to talk very loud about "A Crying Need of the Hour," it will only help to confuse matters. So also will the Government chemist in the baking-powder advertisements, and the reduction sale dry goods announcements; when these phonographs begin to paw the upper case, and howl and occasionally shoot out an electrotype cut of a new summer suit or something, and take the compositor in the ear, and knock him down and then get mad because he isn't up and at work, it is going to make exciting times.

While the unsuspecting phonograph is leaning over and pouring its ten words into the compositor's ear he will forget, and make his well-known and heated remark about the leanness of the type or the unsatisfactory character of his "take," or he will make broken country, where the hills were so overtures to another compositor look- high that they looked like mountain peaks, ing toward the loan of some tobacco. and the phonograph will take it and mix it up with an editorial on "The Progress of Church Work," and he will set it this way and subsequently the earnest, glowing swear word of the proof-reader will be noted as it floats out from another room.

Then one of those excitable, nervous men will be working on a case with a quick, impulsive phonograph, and the foot-lever will break, or something, and the phonograph will go right on talking, and he will try to set as fast as it can talk. The casual spectator will observe a tall, round-shouldered man, with no suspenders on, humping down over the case and making desperate and lightning-like grabs after letters out of two boxes at once. The air will be filled with type flying in all directions, and above the roar of the phonograph, galloping along on a cable dispatch full of Russian Generals' names, will be heard the red, molten remarks of an excitable, nervous compositor. The type in the air will grow thicker, pieces of the partitions between the boxes will join the cloud, the nervous man will double over still more and clutch whole handfulls of "e's" and three-em spaces and hurl them up to the ceiling, scrape down the uppercase, tearing away the boxes, all the time yelling "stopper 'er!" to which the machine will only reply with a hoarse, hollow laugh, till at last he will seize it, and tear it from its place, and beat the floor with the helples mechanism till it becomes a shapeless mass, and hasn't a word to say, and till the

carried away to the hospital. Such scenes as these will tend to disturb the harmony of the composing room and cause friction.

Again, when the editor is pouring his tale into a phonograph, perhaps a door will slam, for instance, and the faithful instrument will record it; and when it is repeated for the compositor, if he doesn't happen to fully understand the thing, he will stand there all night, and perhaps eventually become insane trying to set that slam.

This will cause loss of time, and more friction and profanity, and on the whole there is going to be more trouble with the phonograph in the composing room than there is now with the dark, mysterious, unknowable specimens of penmanship at present turned out by the editor, who claims that he used to set type with Horace Greely, and has been frequently roused out of a sound sleep in the middle of the night to find the elder Bennett standing by his bedside waiting with a perplexed air to ask his advice on some knotty journalistic point. -Fred Carrath, in Drake's Magazine.

Modern Superstitions About Gems.

Possession of numerous large diamonds insures the owner against im-

The presentation by a gentlemen to a lady of a fine ruby, set in a ring. gives promise of an early marriage.

Oval pieces of finely-polished crystal improve the vision. A Rhinestone threatens the wearer's

friends with imposition and deceit.

The ownership of a fine, large, pure sapphire indicates clear discernment. To leave a very fine fire opal in the hands of an uncle means misfortune, if not poverty. -Jewelers' Weekly.

-There is nothing of which we are | srgy at' sarcumvention, ye know." All the | Grant were never received, and of course |

so liberal as advice.

LUKE MASON.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of the Late Civil War.

BY JOHN R. MUSICK. AUTHOR OF "BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER,"
"BELEN LAKEMAN," "WALTER BROWN-FIELD," "BANKER OF BEDFORD,"

> [Copyrighted, 1889.] CHAPTER XIII. AT PITTSBURG LANDING.

When Luke found himself a prisoner of the Tennessee brigands he fully expected that his last moment had come. Had his captors been regular Confederates, his life would have been safe, but he knew that these partisan warriors, no better than ids, with their primary objects blood and plunder, set all military law at deflance, and seldom or never spared a pris-

The captive was resigned to his fate, however. He had entered the army fully realizing the dangers which attended such a life, and taken his chances; now that fate had formed the decree against him he had

determined to murmur not. "Well, Yank," bawled a great, blustering fellow, coming up to where the prisoner sat,



his hands tred behind his back, "you've got

ter swing, that's all thar is o' it. He paused, expecting to see his captive go down on his knees and implore mercy, but Captain Mason was firm and unmoved, his eye meeting his enemy's without quailing. Finding that he made no answer, the

guerrilia added: "What d'ye say t' it?"

"Nothing." "Yer don't, hev?"

"No; I am unable to defend myself." "Wall, hain't yer agoin' ter beg!"

"Then hang him teronce, boys; string 'im up, I say.' Half a dozen started toward the captive as if they would put the threat into execu-

tion, when some one evidently high in authority put a stop to the proceedings. Luke did not know why he did so, but realized that his fate was deferred to a future time. The arrival of a country boy with some alarming intelligence threw the guerrillas into confusion, and preparations were made for a hasty departure. Luke was placed hurried off down the road into a wild, and the forests were so dense as to form a safe hiding-place from the invading army.

the prisoner was given a breakfast, which, poor as it was, was heartily relished by the half-starved soldier. Luke was the only prisoner, and, as he had seen but two Union soldiers dead, he concluded that the others had made their escape. It seemed that the guerrillas were not

They halted at an old mill on a creek, and

quite sure of their own safety even here. The officers held whispered consultations and nodded and gesticulated in an excited " If they intend to murder me, why don't

they do it and have it over with?" said the

prisoner, watching their strange maneu-The day wore slowly by, night came, and the prisoner grew nervous. He reasoned that these men would choose darkness for their diabolical work. Murderers are usu-

ally too cowardly to perpetrate their heinons crimes in daylight. At dusk the sound of horses' feet coming down the hill reached the ears of the captive, who was sitting at a window of the house that formed his prison, and he saw a small party of Confederate cavalry

approaching the old mill. The regularity of their gray uniforms made it easy to distinguish them from guerrillas. Luke had little hope of their being able to release him, for they were outnumbered by the guerrillas five to one. It might be

even possible that they would not care to interfere with these partisan freebooters. It was too dark for him to distinguish faces, and when they had dismounted and dispersed among the buildings about the old mill he forgot all about them. Others were coming and going, and the subdued buzz of voices constantly reached

his ears. His room was dark, as neither lamp nor candle had been lighted, and the guards at the doors and windows looked like silent statues. "Where is he?" a voice at last asked. There was something peculiarly familiar in that voice; but Luke was unable to tell to

whom it belonged. tall, excitable compositor has to be The sound of footsteps approaching his prison door reached his ears, and next oment the same strangely-familiar voice was heard speaking to the guard. Some one entered the apartment, and, coming to Luke's side, asked:

"Ar' ye the pris'ner?" It was too dark for features to be recognized at even a foot.

"I am," the prisoner answered. "Hain't ye Captain Mason."

"I am. "Don't ye know me, Captain," the volce asked in an undertone. "No. though I have certainly heard your voice before.

"Don't ye remember Dick Sneed, the wounded reb at Fort Donelson, who told ye 'bout Captain Neff gittin' away?' 'Of course I remember you, but I thought

you a badly-wounded prisoner." "I warn't so bad hurt ez I let on. I only did that ter git away an' I done it, an' I'm here. I was at the house last night when you'uns charged it."

"And you got away." "Yes, I run at the first, an' wasn't seen, except by a cussed nigger who run me three mile inter a swamp, and shot at me a dozen times. I laid fur him an' knocked him down wi' th' butt o' my gun.'

Luke at once knew that the negro aluded to was Blackhawk, their mysterious guide, and this accounted for his absence which had caused their recent disaster.

"Did you kill him!" he asked. "Dun know for sartin, but hope I did," the Confederate growled, "fur I never saw a devil so hungry ter kill anybody as he was me. It war so infernal dark that I couldn't see his face, but I half believe he war some o' them black devils I use ter wallup when I war overseer."

Luke said:

"Yes," the Confederate answered, and lowering his voice a little so that the guard might not overhear him, he added: "Captain Neff sent me ter find ye."

"What! is Captain Neff here?" "Hush! not so loud 'r it'll be all up with our plans. Ye see these fellers can't be managed like sojers. They're a set o' blamed thieves 'n murderers, 'n wouldn't miss hangin' yer fur any thing. We couldn't only cause for removing him that has ever begin ter save ye 'nless 'twas done by strat | been given is that orders sent General

while he was talking in a mere whisper, and the stupid guard at the door, who was him to allow him to enter, heard not a word. "We've got it 'bout fixed up," Sneed continued. "In 'bout an hour a boy'll come fur ye. Don't yer ax him any questions, don't yer speak a word, nor even look mark what I'm say'n?"

"Every word." "Will ye carry 't out?" "Yes.

"Good-bye." And he was gone. Gone as suddenly and silently as if he had melted away into dark ness. Luke half believed he was still there, and put out his hand to feel for him, but his hand found only darkness and the empty air. An hour passed and the silence was broken only by the drunken, inaudible murmuring of the guard at the door. Occasionally he mumbled snatches of a song in a hoarse, drunken voice, and Luke, who began to see through the plans of Albert Neff and Dick Sneed, trembled lest they had carried

At last, however, the guard became quie and his heavy breathing told that he had succumbed. Some one came in, and going to his side motioned him to rise. He did so. A small, soft hand, which heat once knew to be the hand of the boy, was placed in his and he was led from the room. In the hall one, and a half-smothered curse came from the drunken guard.

He was warned by a gentle pressure on his hand to be silent and careful. Another person joined them, and the three went softly from the house.

It was so dark that Luke could no mor see than if he had been totally blind. They were going through the mud, and slowly making their way somewhere. They crossed a fence and were in the woods. Not a word had yet been spoken, and be

yond an intimation that he was among

friends, he knew not whether he was being led to liberty or death. At last they came to horses. "Mount this one," said a low, deep, earn

est voice which he recognized as Albert "Yes, hush-mount; we have not a mo ment to lose," was the whispered answer.

There were four of them, and they mounted horses and started on, Albert and Dick in front, himself and the boy bringing up the rear. Their horses were soon climb ing a muddy hill.

"Don't say a word!" said Major Neff, in a cautious undertone. A few rods further and a voice from the darkness called: "Halt!" The two reined in their horses.

"Who goes there?" "A friend with the countersign." "Advance and give it." As they rode forward Albert whispered

Reaching the top of the hill they found the ground a little more level, and put their horses to a gallop, for Luke's rescuers knew that a long ride was before them.

"Stone River," and they were told to

Two or three miles away they met a body of guerrillas returning. "Halt, thar! Who be you'uns an' whar yo gwine?" their leader cried, when they were

within a few rods of them. "I am Major Neff, on my way to my con mand," Albert promptly answered. "Ye ar! Wall, I tell yer, Major, ye'd better look a leetle out, kase th' roads ar' swarmin' with Yanks, pourin' by th' millions down on ter Nashville. We've been

ered out." "I must join my command, and we've got fast horses, so I don't think there's much danger of the Yanks catching us. Did you meet anv of my men?"

"That is strange. They were to meet me on the Clarksville road. We'll hurry on, for we can't afford to miss them."

The friendly cloak of night concealed Captain Mason's uniform from view, and the guerrillas could not see whether it was blue or gray.

A mile further on they came upon a part of Major Neff's men, a remnant from the attack of the night before, and they all traveled long with the man who had led the attack against them, until it was nearly daylight, and Albert, sending all the men, save the boy, back out of earshot, turned to the prisoner and said:

"This boy will go with you to the house. and just beyond it is camped the advance of the Union army. Good-bye, Luke!" "Good-bye, Albert, and may God bless you." Their hands met, and for a moment

neither moved nor spoke. Then they separated, and, accompanied by the boy, who had been dumb ever since he came into Luke's presence, he rode on. Just as the early dawn began to crimson the eastern sky the house was reached.

"Here I must leave you!" said hi Had a bomb exploded Luke would not have been more astounded. That voice he

would know among ten thousand. A mo-

ment more and his horse was alongside the



other, his arms encircled a slender waist, his kisses fell upon a cheek as soft and fair as Helen's of Troy, while he murmured:

"Lillie, Lillie, my darling, have you done

this for me!" Closer he pressed her to his breast. His lips met hers again and again in rapturous kisses of love. Such heroic conduct he had read of in fiction, but it never occurred to him that it would become a literal truth. She hurriedly explained that herself and brother learning from Dick Sneed, who had just escaped from Fort Donelson, that Captain Mason was a prisoner of the guerrillas, the three had determined to rescue

him at all hazard. "Remember, Luke, that you shall always have my prayers. I must go now," she said

in conclusion. The parting was an affectionate one. The lover would have kept her at his side if he Colonel that they were in sight of a farmcould have done so, but she assured him that she had friends and relatives able to care for her, and that her father, lying sick not far away, demanded her personal attention. The parting farewell was spoken and

she was gone. Slowly and sadly the young Captain rode to the Union camp. His own regiment was | to prevent any one from escaping. in the advance, and they hailed him as one A few moments' silence ensued, and then returned from the dead. They remained here but a short time and went to Nash-From here they were a few weeks later ordered to Pittsburg Landing, which place they reached among the very first troops.

CHAPTER XIV.

KILL ME, MASSA, AND DE SECRET OB YOUR BIRF DIES. After the battle of Fort Donelson Gen eral Grant, the hero of that fight, was temporarily removed from command. The

he could not obey them, but teck matters in his own hand and acted independently. draining the brandy-flask Sneed had given | The impartial student of history will very readily come to the conclusion that it was well for the cause of the Union that General Grant never received those orders, for if he had, instead of pushing on and seizing Nashville and even Donelson, he would have around, but foller the boy. Now, d'ye had to lay at Fort Henry. West Point has made some good military men among the thousands turned out from that institution;

but General Grant's common sense was of more value to his country than all his early military training. On the 17th of March, 1862, Grant was restored to command, and found the Union army in his district divided, one part being on the east side of the Tennessee at Savannah, while one part was at Crump's Landing on the west bank four miles further up the river, while a third division was at Pittsburg Landing, which was still five miles

further up the river. The loss of Forts Henry, Donelson and Nashville had greatly demoralized the Confederates, and to once more bring the army into something like marching orders, General Sidney Johnston, one of the most efficient commanders in the Southern army, began concentrating all the available forces at Corinth. The wisdom of this action must be acknowledged by all military men. Johnston had learned the kind of a man Grant was. Corinth was the junction of two of near the doorway he stumbled over some | the most important railroads in the Mississippi valley-one connecting Memphis, and the other the Mississippi river with the East, and the other leading to all the cotton States of the South. Still another railroad connected Corinth with Jackson, in West

> Grant at once saw that if he obtained possession of Corinth the enemy would have no railroad for the transportation of armies or supplies, until that running east from Vicksburg was reached. In fact, it was the great strategic position at the West between the Tennessee and the Mississippi rivers, and between Nashville and Vicks-

General Grant at once put all the troops at Savannah in motion for Pittsburg Landing. It was his intention to march from this position on Corinth as soon as Buell with his army from the Ohio should arrive, and the west bank of the river was to be the starting point.

Colonel Mason was thrown well to the front in the brigade of the brave old General B. M. Prentiss. Luke's regiment was filled with recruits which were almost hourly pouring into camp. Many of the new soldiers were young men fresh from the farms, counting-houses, shops and stores, who had never yet smelt powder, but who were destined ere long to learn

something of the terrible realities of war. Arkansaw Tom, Corporal Max, Ned Cotton and Bill Snow, who were still with the regiment, had become a sort of self-imposed body-guard for the new Colonel. Though not on his staff, they were always near at hand in hours of danger.

The Colonel came to love these four veterans like brothers, and even though Max did grumble he knew he could be relied on when hard fighting was required. "Wall, Kernel, don't ver think we're gwine ter hev a fight purty soon?" asked

Arkansaw Tom one morning, strolling into

his Colonel's tent. "I don't know, Tom; sit down on that cracker box. Well, about the fight-I shouldn't wonder. General Johnston is massing his forces at Corinth, and I believe General Grant intends to move on that place. There will be powder burned

when those two meet." tellin' uv th' boys ter git ready fur the gol darnest knock down they ever heerd on." "We will have heavy fighting soon, but when it will take place, and where, I don't

"But, I say, Kernel, I come in t' tell ye "What, Tom?" "Don't yer remember that air dod blast-

ed nigger wot yer call Black Jack ur suthin' o' the kind, who went on ther boat t' Belmont, an' we thort war killed 'n th' swamp clus t' Donelson?" "Yes, you mean Blackhawk." "Wall, he's turned up agin."

"Where is he?"

"In camp. It's a God's fact. Saw 'im this mornin'," said old Tom, smoking his short pipe. "Where?" "In camp. Came past our quarters

whar our mess war. "Did you speak with him?" the Colonel "Yes; axed him whar he'd been, an' he said he'd been lavin' 'n th' brush ter

shoot a cuss as he hates. He's been clar out ter Corinth, but hain't got his man yit. Gony, ye orter see his gun; it's a great, big, long-barreled ole-fashioned rifle. Very thing ter kill a buck."

"He ought to know something about what the rebels are doing. I wish you would find him, Tom, and send him to me.' "I'll do it, Kernel. I'll go right now 'n hunt 'im up," and old Tom rose to his feet and started from the tent to find the mysterious negro; but Blackhawk, as usual, could not be found when sought, and Tom had a fruitless search.

That evening General Prentiss ordered Colonel Mason to take two hundred men next morning and go out several miles in their advance to reconnoiter, as it was reported that the enemy had been seen in considerable force along the Corinth road. Almost ever since his arrival at Pittsburg Landing Colonel Mason had heard of skirmishing in their front, and his own pickets had been fired on several times. "It is probably some guerrillas," said the Colonel to himself. "They are prowling

through the country, and the woods are full of them. A few companies of cavalry can easily put them to flight." Of course the four men who had been h self-constituted body-guard formed a part o the two hundred picked men, and with three day's rations and forty rounds, they set out at daylight next morning. As they

were passing one of the outlying picket posts a sergeant hailed them and said: "Ye'd better look a little out." "Have you seen any thing of the enemy this morning?" the Colonel asked. "No; but they've been a shootin' at us boys all night and wounded Jack Gates."

"How many times were you fired on?" "Three. The last time they gave us a dozen shots all at once.' "They are only a few bushwhackers: we will drive them from the woods," said the

With three or four exceptions Luke's entire two hundred were veterans who had been trained in the hottest fights at Belmont and Denelson.

The country was undulating and covered with a dense growth of trees and underbrush, except where clearings had been made and fields cultivated. The Colonel and his staff were the only mounted men in the expedition. The re-

cent rains had made the roads muddy, and marching was difficult and wearisome. They had gone about five or six miles when the advance guard informed the house, near which a number of horses were "They are bushwhackers. Now to capt-

ure them." said the Colonel. He divided his command into two divisions, and approaching the house from the south and east prepared to flank it so as Luke glanced at the sky to see what the hour was, but it was too coudy for him to determine by the sur, and, consulting his

watch, he discovered it was after twelve. "They are at dinner," he thought, "we'll bag our game and learn something from The Colonel was not yet in sight of the house, which was concealed by the thick woods and underbrush, when a single shot

rang on the air. A moment's silence ensued and then s dozen more reports followed in quick suc-cession. The yells of combatants, snorting of terror-stricken horses and sharp crack of

musketry filled the air. TO BE CONTINUED. HABITS OF AUTHORS.

Carlous Facts Gleaned from the B ographies of Great Men. Among the curious facts which we the circumstances connected with composition of the works which have made

them immortal. For instance Bossuet composed his great sermons on his knees; Bulwer wrote his first novels in full dress; Milton, before commencing his great work, invoked the influence of the Holy Spirit, and prayed that his lips might be touched with a live coal from off the author; Chrysostom meditated and studied while contemplating a painting of St. Paul.

Bacon knelt down before composing his great work and prayed for light from Heaven. Pope never could compose well without declaiming for some time at the top of his voice, and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity. Tasso wrote his finest pieces in the

lucid intervals of madness. Rosseau wrote his works early in the morning; Le Sage at midday: Byron at midnight. Aristotle awoke early and worked until he slept. Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the seaside in laboring to overcome the defects of his voice. There he

read, studied and declaimed. Luther, when studying, always had his dog at his feet. An ivory crucifix stood on the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck around with caricatures of the Pope. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued he would take his flute or guitar with him into the porch and there execute some musical fantasy. Music was his invariable solace at such times. In deed. Luther did not hesitate to say that after theology, music was the first of the arts; "the only other art," he said, "which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul and put the

devil to flight." Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning at five or six o'clock he had books, manuscripts and papers carried to him there, and he worked on for hours together. If he had occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed, again to continue his studies.

Richelieu amused himself, in the intervals of his labor, with a squadron of cats, of which he was very fond. He used to retire at eleven, and, after sleeping three hours, rise and write or work. His annual expenditure was about £170,000 sterling.

How different the fastidious temperance of Milton. He drank water and lived on the humblest fare. During the eight hours of sleep that he allowed himself, the glorious visions immortal works. Milton was of the opinion that the verses composed by him between the autumnal and spring equinoxes were always the best, while Alfieri, on the contrary, said that the equinoxial winds produced a state of almost "complete stupidity" in him. Corneille, in his lofty flight, was often brought to a stand still for the want of a word, which was commonly supplied by his brother Thomas. In his fits of inspiration he would bandage his eyes, and throw himself on the sofa, and dictate to his wife for hours together, afterward submitting his tragedies to his sister Martha even as Moliere used to consult his house-keeper about his newly-

written comedies. Racine composed his verses while walking about, reciting them in a loud voice, while Magliabecchi, the learned librarian of the Duke of Tuscany, never stirred abroad, but lived amid his books; only twice in eight-and-forty years did he venture beyond the walls

of Florence. Rosseau had the greatest difficulty in composing his works, being extremely defective in the guilt of memory. He never could learn six verses by heart, and often after having mentally formulated sentences, would forget them before they could be written down.

Voltaire was a most impatient writer, and usually had the first half of his work set up in type before the second half was written. He always had several works in the course of composition at the same time. He usually had the sketch of a tragedy set up in type, and then rewrote it from the proofs-a plan which was adopted by Balzac.

Of thirty verses which Virgil wrote in the morning, only ten were left at night. Milton often cut down from forty to twenty. Buffon would condown, amplified and added to his first sketch.

LIFE OF A TEACHER.

Not Always Pleasant and Never Too Lib-

erally Kewarded. Until within a few years a woman, thrown upon her own resources, turned to teaching as her only means of making a livelihood. Now, happily, other avenues are open to her, for say what you will, the life of a teacher is a hard one and the pay poor.

One hears, of course, of the fashionable city school, where the principal calls it a bad year if she clears only thirty thousand dollars. She owns one Shah's death will be preceded only a or two very handsome houses, furnished with the "spoils of travel." She dresses in purple and fine linen and fares sumptuously every day, but what of the fifteen or twenty teachers whom she employs?

They live; that is all. "I have taught for nearly fifteen years," a lady said to me the other day, "and probably I shall spend the remainder of my days in the schoolgaining any thing beyond a mere living St. Paul Globe. by that means, and if it happens that teaching."

a salary of \$1,200 possibly. The sala-

this city who, every Monday during New England States.

the winter, takes a lesson in elecution from Prof. --, at \$3 an hour, and every Wednesday teaches elocution to a class of twenty women, who each pay find in pursuing the biographies of her \$1. So that by simply transmitgreat men, says a recent writer, are ting the professor's instruction she clears \$17 a week. Last year she taught Delsarte and lunch conversation, and coached for private theatricals. Her "chum" gives lessons in writing, grammar, etc., to actresses, nouveaux riches and others whose early education has been neglected. Between them they made \$3,000 last

> The position of resident governess is considered an extremely disagreeable and trying one. Of course, there are exceptions, but they are uncommonly rare. And then the accomplishments one is expected to possess She—the prospective governess—must have a thorough knowledge of all the sciences, mathematics, higher English, with the ability to converse fluently in all the modern languages. She must also read Greek and Latin and be a finished musician, qualified to develop a love of the true and the beautiful in any direction toward which the tender plant-her pupil-may incline. She must also show a material regard and interest in the little darling at all times. If she can meet these requirements she will be offered a home and a salary of \$20 a month!-N. Y. Star.

LIFE IN VENEZUELA.

Queer Things Seen by a Chicago Touris in the City of Caracas.

There is a prevailing prejudice mong the laboring classes against innovation, particularly labor-saving machinery and appliances. No native eon can be persuaded to use a wheelbarrow. He prefers to carry his load upon his head, and if it is too heavy for him he seeks the assistance of a friend and loads it upon a sort of bier with double handles and broad straps to go over the shoulders to be lifted and carried by a man at either end. Heavy furniture and trunks are carried miles in this way. The native farmers plow with

crooked stick with one handle, just as the Egyptians did in the days of Moses, and nothing can induce them to adopt the modern two-handled steel affair. They simply can't do it, and they won't. General Guzman-Blanco, who was always favorable to the introduction of labor-saving machinery and methods, at one time attempted to enforce the use of improved agricultural implements, but he was compeled to give it up as a bad job. The productiveness of the republic might be enormously increased. as Guzman realized, by enabling one

man to do the work of two, or six, or ten, for the great drawback is the scarcity of labor; but the peons are tubborn, more stubborn than stu and will insist upon doing every thing their fathers did, and their great grandfathers, for that matter. It is the same spirit, the same resistance to innovations, that causes them to ship their coffee and sugar upon the backs of donkeys instead of the rai road; that requires the payment for produce in coin instead of checks, and causes that coin to be hidden away under an old stump or a crack in the roof instead of being deposited in a bank to draw interest and increase the circulating medium.

The working-men, the mechanics, know nothing of labor-saving machinery. All the timber and woodwork for house-building is dressed by hand. There is not such a thing as a planing-mill or a sash factory in the whole country, and all the furniture and cabinet work is made the same way. You will always find locks placed upon the door-casings and the socket for the bolt screwed upon the door, and the locks are invariably upside down. When you call attention to it you are told that it is the custom of the country. When a house is being erected, whether it is one story or two, the solid walls are first raised to their full height, and then holes are chiseled out to admit the ends of the rafters and timbers for the floors. It never occurs to the builder that an easier way would be to set the timbers in the walls as he lays the bricks .- W. E.

Curtis, in Chicago News. THE SHAH'S MASCOT.

A Youth Whom Persia's Despot Has Loaded With Honors.

A new and noticeable figure among

the numerous dignitaries and officials in the suite of the Shah of Persia is a young boy of twelve, whom the Shah has covered with dignities and titles, and who is an object of envy and fear to most of His Majesty's ministers. dense six pages into as many para- His name is Goolamali Khan. He is graphs. Montaigue, instead of cutting the director of the corps of "royal pages," and one of his titles is Azizus-Sultan, "Favorite of the Monarch." Neither ex-minister, vizier or royal Prince has ever yet been allowed to sk at the Shah's table, but Goolamali Khan is an exception to this law of the Persians. He is constantly by his master's side, and has more servants to wait upon him than any two of the royal ministers. The explanation of this extraordinary treatment is to be found in the Persian monarch's conviction that his life is inseparably and mysteriously bound up with that of Goolamali Khan, and that wise men have foretold that the few days by that of his young favorite; that the health and prosperity of the latter will mean the health and prosperity of the former; and that, generally, whatever befalls this little one will also happen to his royal protector. This belief has resulted in the boy's leading a life of ease and luxury unknown to the most fortunate courtiers in Teheran. He was seated on the knees of two magnificent grandees on room, for there is no such thing as the Shah's entry into St. Petersburg .-

one decides to keep on living, that nat- attention to the growth of the "naphurally means that one must keep on tha habit" among the female employes of rubber factories. The inhalation of The head teacher of English receives | naphtha fumes produces a peculiarly | agreeable inebriation. Naphtha is used ries of other teachers average from to clean rubber, and is kept in large \$400 to \$800 a year. The French, Ger- boilers, to the valve of which the em- fitted round the waist with a belt of man and music teachers are always ployes obtain access and breathe the gros-grain ribbon. A small rolled-up There is a quick-witted damsel in Germany, and is chiefly found in the ice, with the regatta cravat .- St. Louis

AFTER THE NORTH POLE nson, the Greenland Explorer, Head a Polar Expedition.

An expedition with the purpose of reaching the North Pole will set out for Norway next year. There is plenty of money behind the enter-prise. Mr. Gamel, the merchant who fitted out the little party which crossed Greenland last summer under Dr. Nansen, is its chief capitalist. About \$100,000 has been subscribed and more can be had if needful. Dr. Nans has accepted the command and for the next few months he will be a busy young man. He has to write a be on his adventures in Greenland, to be published in Europe and this country. He has to superintend building a stout little vessel for the North Pole.

route by which the North Pole can be reached and that route he intends to take; but for the present he declines to speak more precisely on this important question. It is learned from other sources, however, that he hopes to reach a higher point on the east coast of Greenland than that attained by the German expedition, and then advance along the coast to Lockwood's farthest point.

practically completing the mapping of

Greenland's coast-line, and thence final-

Dr. Nansen says there is only one

ly start over the frozen sea to the pole. Many expeditions to the white north have spent about as much energy in securing their retreat as in diminisbing the distance between themselves and the pole. It is Nansen's idea that the only way to go to the pole is to go there or perish in the attempt. He says he will waste no time in securing his retreat. An old Norse proverb, "There is before us only Heaven or hell," is his motto. He will establish no base of operations, but push for the pole. He remarked in London the other day that he expected it would be "the North Pole or death," but he added incidentally that it might be the west coast of Greenland. It is quite certain that after his northern explorations he hopes to cross Greenland in its broadest part to the west coast settlements, having learned in his recent trip that the difficulties of this ice-bound country can be overcome by skill and determination. He does not expect to land on the east coast till autumn next year, and the following season will be spent in ex-

plorations. The North-Pole quest, is a mania that will probably afflict daring young spirits, eager for Arctic laurels, until the goal has been reached and photographed. If it is ever attained it will probably be by a small expedition of picked men in charge of a leader like Nansen, who has plenty of tlash, vigor, strength and intelligence. If next season proves to be an unfavorable i year the expedition may return to await a more hopeful occasion; but if Nansen, finely equipped, has such a chance to steam as far north as Leigh Smith enjoyed on some of his trips to Franz Josef's Land he will be likely to make a notable Arctic journey, whether he fetches the pole or not .- N. Y.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Costumes, Jewelry and Accessories Af-Diamonds inserted in the ivory are

now seen in miniature portrait jewelry. A large white pearl held between the nippers of a realistic crab is a recent

design for lace pins. Initials formed by sprays of gold backed enamel forget-me-nots are lace pins recently seen at the watering

A gold, ruby-eyed snake, coiled around the head of a tortoise-shell hair-pin, attracts considerable attention from lovers of the unique.

Diamonds, rubies and sapphires formed into three-leaf clovers on the surface of a dull gold match-box are costly, but effective decoration. Sleeves are now made with a band

of tulle fastened with a bow on the shoulder, and do not leave the arms quite so exposed as was lately the fashion. Short skirts are mounted with large.

flat plaits at the back, and either slightly gathered in front or quite flat on a cross-cut piece, with a piping or A floral bonnet has a coronal of corn flowers and a spray of buttercups gar-

landing it-a Tuscan straw folded into

a close shape, and girt with bow and strings of narrow green velvet. Another example of the extremes to which the prevailing taste for odd jewelry is tending is a representation in diamonds of the common garden slug, as homely a worm as ever grew.

Etched grotesque Japanese figures

of storks and celestial warriors, ap-

parently performing a dance of victory. are executed on a recently-produced silver jewel box, with great minute-A dainty little capote is a tiny shape of brown crinoline, with a cockade of cream lace in front, fastened in by a butterfly arrangement formed of the

wing-feathers of some little brown White gauze dresses embroidered in colors are still more elegant and altogether more dressy; they are also made up very much in the same way and trimmed with a profusion of bows or

A peacock's feather formed of diamonds makes a handsome and artistic aigrette. The round picturesque spots for which the plumage of this bird is remarkable are imitated by small dia-

monds circling stones of larger size. Another charming bonnet, with a touch of quaintness to boot, is of close shape, pointed in front, in white straw. and trimmed with a bow of black lace, run through with the straw in lines. -A prominent medical journal calls | and a cluster of large black wheat ears with straw-colored and green stalks

and leaves. Young ladies very generally favor the plaited bodice in the "reserviste" style, with three round plaits in the middle of both back and front, and fumes. The habit was introduced from collar forms a dainty finish to the bod-Republic.